

# Iron County Register

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IRONTON, MISSOURI

## WILD WEATHER OUTSIDE.

Wild weather outside where the brave ships go.  
And fierce from all quarters the four winds blow.  
Wild weather and cold, and the great waves swell.  
With chains beneath them as black as hell.  
The waters frolic in Titan play.  
They dash the decks with an icy spray.  
The great sails shiver, the little masts reel.  
And the shrouded ropes are as smooth as steel.  
And on that sailor were safe once more  
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door!

The little cottage, it shines afar  
Over the lurid sea, like the polar star.  
The mariner tossed in the jaws of death  
Hurls at the stern a defiant breath:  
Shouts to his mates through the writhing foam.  
"Courage! please God, we shall yet win home!"

Frozen and haggard and wan and gray,  
But resolute still, 'tis the sailor's way.  
And perhaps at the fancy the stern eyes dim—  
Somebody's praying to-night for him.

Ah me, through the drench of the bitter rain,  
How bright the picture that rises plain!  
Sure he can see, with merry look,  
His little maid crouching her spelling-book;  
The baby crawls from the cradle fair;  
The grandma nods in her easy chair;  
While father and son, with a quiet grace,  
A woman sits, with an earnest face.  
The kitten purrs, and the kettle sings,

Rough weather outside, but the winds of balm  
Forever float over that isle of calm.  
O friends who read over tea and toast  
Of the wild night's work on the storm-swept coast.

Think, when the vessels are overboard,  
Of the perils voracious, the baffled crew,  
Of stout hearts battling for love and home,  
Mid the cruel blasts and the curling foam,  
And breathe a prayer for your happy lips,  
For those who must go "to the sea in ships,"  
Ask that the sailor may stand once more  
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Magazine.

## A DOCTOR'S STORY.

### CHAPTER I.

It was a summer evening, and I was standing in front of my consulting-room door, rattling a bunch of keys, after having locked up, ready to repair to my bachelor establishment. I believe I was then considered a rising young physician in our quiet little town, in one of the States of America. At any rate, I had patients enough to warrant a respectable office down street, and a luxurious suite of apartments in the best boarding-house the town could afford.

Well, I was, as I said, rattling my bunch of keys; and my friend, Horace Bertram, was standing near, wondering, I suppose, from the way he looked at me, what I meant to do next. I was the first to break the silence.

"Do, Horace, come over to my lodging and stay with me to-night. I always feel so lonely, somehow."

"I have no doubt of it, Wilfred; for you're a man with great social qualities. Glad to come, old boy. But why do you wear out all your best days by yourself? Why don't you look out for a better-half to brighten up that smoky den of yours?"

"I'm afraid she might prove my worse half, Horace. I am not one to make a leap in the dark, I assure you. I have the highest respect for the fair sex; but there are exceptions to every rule, and a man must look twice before he plunges into marriage." Just as I was saying this, I noticed two young ladies coming along in our direction.

"Hush, Wilfred," said Horace; "here come two of our angels now, and I happen to know them. Isn't it a fine thing to be so fortunate as to know everybody in town?"

They were ladies of cultivated tastes—one could judge that much from their dress; for I was very observant of the minutiae of a lady's costume. They had been shopping, too, that delightful occupation of the gentler sex. As they passed us, I caught a few snatches of their conversation. The taller and more queenly looking of the two was remarking to her companion: "I tell you, Jessie, I can not do it; it would not be right. I must do my duty." She was speaking, I could see, very earnestly. They looked up as they passed us, and nodded in a friendly manner to Horace, who uncovered his curly brown head; and we both bowed politely to two of the fairest specimens of womanhood. Then I caught a glimpse of the face of the stately lady who had such decided notions of right and wrong. I could see the pleased smile that flitted over the childish countenance of her companion as Horace lifted his hat to them; and I also noticed the flush that mounted even to my friend's high forehead; so I put these two incidents together, and drew my own conclusions. But that was all I did notice, for I was completely absorbed in the stately lady of the two who had passed us. The light of a pair of clear gray eyes had for one moment rested on mine, and I had had one brief glimpse of a true, earnest face, that haunted me afterwards like a dream. Horace's voice roused me from my momentary reverie.

"Building air-castles, are you?" he said. "Well, then, my dear friend, just let me give you a piece of advice. When you people that mansion of yours, don't attempt to convert either of those two into the lady of the manor."

"Why, Horace? Who are they?"

"Gently, my friend, gently. One question at a time. Why? Because those are ladies of high degree, and very much above such poor human beings as Horace Bertram the lawyer, and Wilfred Lansdowne the doctor. I rather like that little gipsy, Jessie, myself."

"I did not need to be told that," I said. "Your face is a good index to your heart. But you haven't answered the most important question of all. Who are they?"

"I was coming to that when you interrupted me. They are the daughters of Sir Gerald Wyatt, an enormously wealthy Englishman, who came over to the States here a few years ago for his health. He has only two children—Lucille and Jessie."

"Then to whom will the title and estate revert, upon the death of the present owner?"

"To a distant cousin of his own, his only living male relative. He has never seen this cousin; but Sir Gerald has made inquiries in England, and hopes soon to discover traces of his expectant heir. Madame Rumor has further-

more informed the listening public that, should this cousin prove a single gentleman, Sir Gerald intends that his daughter Lucille shall marry him, in order that she may be my Lady, and that the property may remain in the family. But one needn't listen to all that is said. I'm very glad Jessie didn't happen to be the elder."

"Where did you say they live?"

"I haven't said at all, yet. Why, Wilfred, how absent-minded you are! But I'll tell you now. They have leased a villa in the suburbs, called the Towers—a perfect paradise."

We had reached my boarding-house by this time, and Horace surprised me by saying: "You're in such a queer humor, Wilfred, that I think it would be better to leave you alone for to-night, and spend an evening with you some other time. So good-night, and pleasant dreams of the queenly Lucille."

He was right. I did not feel like entertaining any one. I repaired to my cosy sitting-room, and throwing myself on the lounge, was soon absorbed in exciting and perplexing thoughts.

I was the distant cousin of whom Horace spoke. I had not known until this moment that my relatives were anywhere near me. And now, the face of the very one for whom the unknown cousin was destined had struck my fancy, and was so indelibly impressed upon my mind as to defy all efforts at effacement.

This Sir Gerald Wyatt had loved my mother, when the two were scarcely more than children. They were cousins. But, after that, as my mother had often told me, they became separated; yet Sir Gerald had never forgotten the love of his young manhood. To dissipate his grief at the kindly but decided refusal he had received, he went to travel on the continent. Years elapsed before he returned, and when he did so, he brought back a beautiful Italian bride, to reign as Lady Wyatt over the home of his ancestors.

While he was absent my mother married my father, to whom she had been long secretly attached; although in point of social position he was quite her equal. Immediately after their marriage they proceeded to America, where my father, who was, like myself, a physician, had hopes of securing a better practice than in the home country. But a few years of fruitless endeavor to get a good start in business, broke his spirit, and unluckily he gave way to habits of intemperance. While in this condition, he had the misfortune, in prescribing for a patient, to make a fatal blunder, which cost the patient his life; and for this my father was apprehended and imprisoned. But while awaiting his trial he died; and thus left in poverty and obscurity, my mother returned to her English home; and as she was too proud to let her rich relatives know of her situation, she changed her name, buried herself in a humble village, and devoted herself to her boy's education. When I was about eighteen years old, my darling mother's weary eyes closed in their last sleep, and I was left alone in the world.

Every tie that bound me to my native country having been severed at my mother's death, and being of too independent and proud a nature to make myself known to my titled relatives, I returned to America—the welcome refuge of all free spirits. Determined that I would not let life conquer me, by my own exertions I managed to procure a medical education, and then settled down in this lovely little spot.

It was easy, therefore, to understand that Sir Gerald Wyatt had great difficulty in ascertaining the whereabouts of his cousin's child; though he may have ascertained the name of the man whom she married, I had never adopted that name, and was not known to any one by it. For many years, indeed, he had not troubled himself about the matter, being absorbed in the love of his beautiful wife; and it was only when the latter, transferred to the colder climate of England, drooped and died, leaving him no male heir on whom he might bestow his title and estates, that he remembered his cousin, my mother, whose son, if still alive, would be his nearest male relative. He was thus far, as I understand, in search of this relative; and here was I within a mile or so of him and he did not know it.

But I did not mean to reveal my identity as yet; my plans were soon and easily made. I concluded to go on in the same quiet way, till chance should throw my relatives in my path; and in the meantime find out all that I could of them. Since I had seen Lucille my head was filled with romantic notions, but I nevertheless determined that in the meanwhile my relationship should remain unknown to her.

I was again walking home one evening some weeks afterwards, when Horace Bertram—to whom I had not revealed my relationship with the wealthy Englishman—met me and told me a startling piece of news.

"I say, Wilfred, the English cousin has arrived. They've killed the fatted calf over there at the Towers, for the old gentleman is convinced that he has at last discovered the missing man."

"You don't tell me so! Why, that cannot be—it is utterly impossible!"

"I wonder why it cannot be just as possible as the fact that Miss Lucille is going to marry this very same cousin."

"How did you learn all this, Horace?"

"Don't look so white and solemn, man. I never thought it so serious a matter. Why, you see, I met Jessie at Mrs. Jackson's last night, and she told me all about it. Lucille is terribly distressed, for she has taken an unaccountable dislike to her cousin. But her father will have his own way, the stubborn old fellow."

"But can't you, I asked, 'tell me something more about this cousin?'"

"Nothing more, scarcely, for we had so much else to talk about. Only that he is very handsome, and Sir Gerald is completely taken with him."

"Did you hear his name?"

"Radcliffe was my father's name, and whoever this cousin was, he must have learned something or other of our family secrets. I felt staggered and dazed, and my friend noticed it, but lightly attributed my confusion to something less serious."

"I say, Wilfred," he said, laughing, "as he left me, 'the castle has tumbled down, hasn't it?'"

"I made a sickly attempt at a smile, but said nothing, and rushed upstairs. Lucille to be sacrificed! I would not allow it. I had not met her; but one way was always open to me, and I determined to get my mother's letters, and make myself known at once. I knew I had proofs that were more convincing than any that impostor could produce. But I was not long in my room before there came an impatient ring at the doorbell. Evidently some one was in a hurry. I listened a few moments, and then quick steps were heard coming up the stairs, and there was a sharp rap at my door. I opened it, and the servant was there, with a note in his hand.

"A man is down-stairs, sir, with a carriage, and he says you must come with him right off. He told me to give you this."

Bidding the boy tell the man I would come directly, I read the brief note: "Sir Gerald Wyatt would esteem it a favor if Dr. Lansdowne would accompany the bearer to the Towers, where his professional services are requested."

In a few minutes I was ready, and whirling rapidly thither. I asked the coachman who it was that needed me.

"Miss Lucille, sir. She's awfully shook up, and none of 'em can do anything with her."

Some nervous affection, I presumed, and I supposed that some exciting circumstance had taken place to throw her in such a state. We were soon at the gates of the Towers; and as I passed hurriedly through the extensive grounds I noticed that everything showed signs of wealth, lavishly yet tastefully expended. A servant received me and ushered me into a room, where I saw, leaning against the black marble mantelpiece, a stately-looking old man; and on the opposite side, also leaning in a graceful attitude, one of the handsomest fellows I had ever seen, but with a sinister expression about the finely carved mouth that I did not like. As soon as I had set my eyes upon him I recognized him; though he did not seem to know me. He was the son of a former valet of Sir Gerald's, before he went to Italy. I had seen the man, and my mother had told me who he was, a great many years since; but I was gifted with a remarkable faculty of remembering a face after I had seen it once. All this I took in at a glance, before Sir Gerald came forward to meet me.

"Dr. Lansdowne, I presume?"

"The same. You sent for me, I believe?"

"I did. Women are such queer creatures. My daughter has taken it into her head to make herself sick on account of a foolish whim." Then followed an introduction to the handsome, Italian-looking "cousin," the real one bowing his head to the impostor.

But I proceeded: "In order to understand how to treat your daughter, Sir Gerald, I would like to become acquainted with as many of the particulars of her illness as you may judge proper to disclose."

"Well, it is simply this. Here is Mr. Guy Radcliffe, as good a young man as any one need see, whom I intend that Miss Wyatt shall marry. In confidence, Doctor, I owe it to Guy's mother—who in fact was my cousin—to make some reparation for having neglected her and hers so long. Besides, I know Guy will make as good a husband as Lucille can find. Isn't that true?" he said, addressing Mr. Radcliffe.

"You flatter me too much, Sir Gerald. I certainly intend to make my cousin as happy as is in my power. At any rate, she will do her duty by obeying her father, and I will endeavor to win by kindness the love she now refuses me."

"Certainly she will obey my wishes, for she has always been an obedient girl. Indeed, she has never yet refused to agree to my proposal in this instance, only expostulated until she saw I was determined, when she commenced to droop. This evening she was seized with a sort of fainting spell, and has not yet been roused."

"Then surely there is no time to lose. Please let me see the patient at once, Sir Gerald. I shall begin by calling with me against the low-bred impostor, who had attempted to call her his 'cousin,' who dared to offer her his false love!"

But we had reached the room of the patient, and all indignant thoughts were expelled before the idea that Lucille lay there, perhaps dying. I went up to the bed, where her sister was kneeling, crying as if her heart would break, and at once directed my attention to the resuscitation of the motionless figure before me. With the use of such restoratives as were in the house, and constant chafing of the thin, white hands that lay so listlessly in my own, I soon brought a faint flush into the pale cheeks and lips, while a heavy sigh told that she was returning to consciousness. In a short time her eyes opened, and rested upon mine. She must have caught my eager look. I turned to her sister and said: "You can make her drink a little wine, until the medicine I shall send for arrives. I will consult with your father for a few minutes." I then left the room to consult with the Baronet, with whom I requested a private interview. He conducted me into his library.

"Sir Gerald," I began, "I merely wish to give you my professional advice and opinion. I perceive your daughter's constitution and temperament are of the highest nervous type. She is now broken down by mental suffering, and to prolong the strain might be to imperil life itself. I would beg you, therefore, if you love your daughter, not to mention the subject of her cousin to her until I speak with you again. For this purpose, I shall be glad to have an interview with you to-morrow morning."

"Certainly, Doctor. As to your instructions, I will promise to obey you; meanwhile, her sister will take the best care of the patient."

When I got back to my lodgings, and was locked in the secrecy of my room, I gathered together several letters that had passed between my mother and the Baronet, which he had given to his "cousin Addie," when both were quite young. The latter was set in sapphires and pearls, and the case was stamped with the Wyatt escutcheon.

Early the next morning my buggy was standing at the entrance to the Towers,

and I was ushered into the same library that I had left the evening before, and found Sir Gerald waiting to receive me. He greeted me with a smile of pleasure and a hearty English hand-shake. After assuring me of a marked improvement in my interesting patient's condition, he begged me to state the object of my desired interview. I merely placed my little packet in his hand, saying: "This will explain all, Sir Gerald. But if you wish more conclusive evidence, then that which the beloved touch of the dead has hallowed, I can easily furnish it."

He had opened the bundle, and the sweet face of my mother was the first object upon which his glance rested. "Addie—my dear little cousin Addie! And my picture, too!—the very same I gave to Addie on her seventeenth birthday. In the name of all that is wonderful and incomprehensible, who are you? How did these things come into your possession?"

"Simply from my mother, Sir Gerald, for I am Addie Treherne's only son and child—Wilfred Treherne Radcliffe, otherwise Lansdowne."

"How is that possible? Here is Guy Radcliffe, who claims the same relationship to Addie Treherne. He certainly brought no proofs; but I, anxious to find my cousin's child, believed all he told me. If you are Addie's son, why are you called Lansdowne, and not Radcliffe?"

"That is a long story," I said. "My mother's marriage was one of affection, but not of prosperity; and the circumstances under which my father's career came to an end—and of which I may tell you more at leisure—led us to drop the name of Radcliffe and adopt that which I bear. It served the double purpose of screening us from the prying eyes of the world, and the scorn of my mother's richer friends."

For a few minutes the Baronet sat in moody silence, as if reflecting on the past, when all at once he said: "If all this be true—and I do not doubt it—what is this Guy Radcliffe?"

"Do you remember Hugo Rascel?"

"To be sure I do. He was a valet of mine many years ago."

"Well, this man is none other than a son of that valet of yours."

"Now that I think of it, I remember who it is I was trying to discover he resembled. And to think I received the son of a servant I had to discharge for dishonesty as my heir and the prospective husband of my daughter!"

It was some minutes before the wrath of the Baronet spent itself. Presently, however, he began to speak of my mother and his early connections with her. He was thoroughly persuaded that I was the person I represented myself to be, but I was anxious that my motives should not be misunderstood. "Sir Gerald," said I, "I wish you to understand clearly that I have discovered myself to you with no other motive than to benefit your daughter."

"I do not doubt it," said the Baronet. "Yet it is my earnest desire that Lucille should marry my prospective heir; and as my cousin Addie's son shall inherit my property, it would add a double weight of gratitude in my obligations to you should you succeed not only in restoring her to health, but in winning her affections. I must tell her of the changed circumstances, and—"

"Not so fast, Sir Gerald, if you please. These changes take place at once, it will be too great a shock for your daughter. I would advise you to examine this Guy Radcliffe, as he calls himself, and dismiss him privately. You can easily keep the matter quiet. Then tell Lucille that you have been too harsh with her, and you will not compel her to marry a man she does not love. That news, I think, will do more toward raising her up than any medicine I might prescribe for her. As for myself, I hope I have a clearer idea of honor than to present myself as a suitor for a lady's hand under such circumstances. I freely confess that I have seen your daughter before, and by some mystery, unknown even to lovers themselves, have fallen very much in love. But in order to leave my cousin's mind entirely unbiased, I would like to win her love simply as Dr. Wilfred Lansdowne, instead of the long-lost cousin her father wishes her to marry. Does this plan meet with your approval?"

"Entirely, although it is a young man's romantic idea. But meanwhile, I shall say nothing of all this to Lucille."

I found my patient reclining before the open window of her room, while her sister was sitting on a footstool at her feet. What a beautiful picture the two made! Jessie was the first to notice my entrance; and as she rose, with a slight blush tingling her cheeks, I had to acknowledge that my friend Horace was a happy man in having won the heart of so lovely a creature. And as for her sister—was it my imagination that made me perceive a glad light spring up in those changeable eyes that I had learned to love so well? I certainly thought I detected as much.

As Lucille's disorder was merely a nervous attack that I knew would soon pass over, I had no difficulty in assuring her that exercise was the best medicine I could prescribe, but she must keep perfectly quiet for the remainder of the day.

Days and weeks passed by, and I saw that I could no longer find any professional excuse for repeating my dearly prized visits to the Towers. My anxiety to know whether or not my love was returned became so great that I determined to hazard everything by speaking to Sir Gerald, and at once ending my suspense. So again I walked up the broad marble steps, and was ushered into the room where I had always found a kind welcome, and where Sir Gerald was seated.

"Well, my boy, what is it now?"

"I have come, Sir Gerald, to ask you to give me Lucille!"

"Ah! I thought it would come to that. Wilfred, I am only too thankful that at last I enabled to carry out my long-cherished plan, and call Addie's son my own. If Lucille consents, you need fear no opposition from me. Besides, the impostor has received his come!"

It is no matter what else we conversed about; suffice to say that I left the kind old man's presence with only one thing wanting to complete my happiness. I wandered along the gravelled paths, hoping to find Lucille, yet not knowing exactly where to look for

her. I happened to remember a favorite arbor of hers, where I found her fixing up the trailing branches of a rose. I scarcely dared disturb the lovely picture, and yet I felt she must not be only an image to me, but a loved reality. And so, catching the spirit of England's laureate, whose description of "Rose, the Gardener's daughter," entered my mind, I stepped into the arbor where she was standing, and said:

Ah, one rose,  
One rose, but one, by those fair fingers  
Were worth a hundred kisses pressed on lips,  
Less exquisite than thine.

She silently handed me the "one rose"—a pure damask—and then, still clasping those soft, white fingers, I led her to a rustic seat. I never could exactly tell what followed; all that I knew was that I was pouring forth the warmest words of love, and she was listening to me with downcast eyes and blushing face. What did I—did she—say? Has not that "old, old story" been often told, and as often set "two fluttering hearts aglow?" "Are you sure?" said I, after the first burst of rapture, "that you love me for myself—just as I am? Suppose your father still clings to his idea of your marrying your cousin, what would you consider your duty then? Would Love settle the conflict between Right and Wrong, Lucille?"

"O, don't ask me, Wilfred. When he saw how truly we loved each other, he wouldn't compel me to pass through the same trials from which I have just been released. And it would be a thousand times worse now, since I have loved another."

"Listen to me, Lucille. I, and not your father's recent visitor, am your English cousin." And then, seated together, while she wept tears of gladness, we talked of what you, dear reader, already know.

Many long and happy years have passed and frosted over the brown and golden hair. The voices of children—those of Horace and Jessie, as well as ours—ring from the flowery terraces and shady coverts of Wyatt Towers—our ancestral home in Old England. I am Sir Wilfred Radcliffe now; for the good old man who was so true a friend to me has long since been gathered to his fathers. —Chambers' Journal.

Is Life Worth Living?

Professor Artechoke Huggins recently delivered his celebrated lecture on "Am Life Wuth de Libin Fur" before the Limekiln Club. After slipping a troche into his mouth he bowed impressively and began:

"My friends, it pleases me exceedingly to behold such a vast sea of intellectual faces before me. [Sensation.] I kin almost imagine myself lookin' down de aisles of de Senate Chamber of de United States. [More sensation.] De question: 'Am Life Wuth Libin Fur?' has often been axed, an' I believe that several parties besides me have put de same query from de rostrum. [Cheers by Samuel Shin, who had no idea what the word rostrum meant.] But I claim to be de only passon in dis kentry who takes de negativ' side of dis momechus inquiry. In de fast place we am bo'n. De fast y'ar of our life am spent in cryin' wid pain and sorrow. We see ghosts. We have bad dreams. We am seized by de colic. Our froats am tunnels down which dey pour soothin' syrup, paregoric, sweet milk an' what not, an' we wish we was dead. [Sobs by Pickles Smith, who lately lost his grandfather.] What comfort does any boy or gal take up to de age of fifteen y'ars? Not a bit. De boys git licked an' de gals git spanked an' dey fall down stairs, have de chicken-pox, git boxed up wid de mumps, an' have to wear clothes which have bin cut ober an' dyed. [Sensation by Givredam Jones as he recalled old recollections.]

"From de age of fifteen to twenty," continued the orator, after pulling down his vest, "life am full of love and jealousy, an' bad fittin' coats, an' gwine to funerals, an' stayin' home from circuses. Just as a young man gits to thinkin' dat he am happy he disklivers dat his sleeve-buttons am fifteen seconds behind de style, or dat his bates am de hundredth part of an inch too long, or dat his coat wrinkles in de back. [Groans from Trustee Pullback, who remembered when he was learning the barber's trade in Richmond.]

"From twenty to thirty we get married," continued the Professor, as a sad smile crossed his face. "We love an' court an' hire libery gins an' buy candy and marry. What am de result? [Groans from all over the hall.] We have to pay house rent, an' buy wood, an' go to meetin', an' git trusted for groceries, an' put up wid kicks an' cuffs an' howlin' babies an' a hull doahyard full of miseries. [Long-drawn sighs from eighty-four members.]

"Den we grow old, an' we take snuff an' smoke clay pipes an' spit on de cap'tan' jaw de chillen, and finally die. [Tears from Waydown Bebee.] Dat's life an' its end. What's de comfort? What have we foun' wuth libin' fur? How much better if we had bin trees, or fence-posts, or picket-fences! Life am a mad struggle. [Sighs.] We come up like a sunflower an' am cut down like a faint groan. To-day we may win de big turkey at de raffle—to-morrow we may have to pawn our overcoat to keep de stove gwine. [Significant winks and nods.]

"My friends, thankin' you fur your ainest an' inexpressible attenthun, an' trustin' dat my feeble remarks will be productive of oberwhelmin' profit, I return you my heartfelt sympathies an' resum my seat."

For half a minute there was deep silence. Then Pickles Smith stood up and waved the water-pail around his head, and the enthusiasm broke forth and lasted so long that six policemen gathered on the corner and a barrel of beans was upset in the grocery below. —Detroit Free Press.

—One of the amusing sights in cold weather is afforded by the man who walks carelessly and quite unconcernedly along until he reaches the thermometer which is exposed to view on the street. He looks at it a moment, sees that the mercury is very low, pulls his collar up to his ears, shrinks up in his coat, walks frigidly away, and exclaims, "Gracious, how cold it is!"

—The estate of the late Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, yields upward of \$100,000 to his widow and daughter.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The pine forests discovered lately in the Province of Ontario, are estimated to yield 24,000,000,000 feet of timber, which can easily be brought to market.

—Poplar wood in considerable quantities is being shipped from Rockbridge County, Virginia, to Philadelphia, at \$10 per cord, to be converted into paper.

—Mr. W. H. Winsans, of Baltimore, who is making England his home, has built a monster "cigar-ship" on the Clyde at a cost of about \$1,000,000. He thinks she will be able to cross the Atlantic in about five days.

—The rapid and enormous growth of the American railway system is a factor in the development of our social and political organism, and in all that goes to make up our national character and life, of greater importance than all other factors combined. It has done more to effect the political solidarity of the American people than all the political agitation and domestic and foreign wars, and struggles between unionists and secessionists, and controversies among politicians and parties, that have appeared on this continent since the first European landed on its shore. —Chicago Times.

—The potato-starch market is affected by the high price of potatoes. The production of potato starch for the whole country last year was 9,500 tons. The amount carried over from the previous year was 1,400 tons, making 11,000 with which to begin the new year. During the year 9,000 tons were consumed, leaving 2,000 tons to add to this year's production. The manufacture of potato starch this year amounts to 4,000 tons, and with 2,000 tons left over from last year makes 6,000 tons for this year's supply, which is 3,000 tons short of last year's consumption. Starch makers in Maine are hindered by the high price and scarcity of potatoes, of which it is estimated a bushel yields nine pounds of starch.

—Professor Edward S. Morse of Salem, Mass., one of the original scientific thinkers of the day, has invented a new method of heating houses and public buildings by means of the sun, which promises to prove of great importance to the race. The invention consists merely of a surface of blackened slate under glass fixed to the sunny side or sides of a house, with vents in the walls so arranged that the cold air of a room is let out at the bottom of the slate and forced in again at the top by the ascending heated column between the slate and the glass. The out-door air can be admitted also if desirable. The entire practicalness of the contrivance is demonstrated in the heating of the professor's study in his cottage at Salem. —Boston Journal.

—The operation of friction machinery has now become a fixed fact, and its easy adaptability where waste power can be utilized is a marked feature. A machine of this kind has come into use, which consists simply of an iron cylinder one foot long and one foot in diameter, having a fixed plate of hardened iron in one end, and a second plate attached to a revolving shaft, which presses lightly or closely upon the fixed plate as circumstances require. The cylinder is filled with water, the shaft revolves, and from the friction of the plates, the water in an incredibly short time is heated, and by means of steam pipes can be carried to great distances for heating purposes. The machine is so constructed as to render it easily adapted to all places where there is waste power, as in mills, factories, public buildings, cars, etc. The power required for its operation is very slight; thus, to carry a machine with thirty-six square inches of friction plates—the ordinary size—one horse power only is required, while a machine with two hundred and twenty-five square inches of friction surface will require at most but six horse power.

## PITH AND POINT.

—Women are not cruel by nature and we never hear of one though increased enough to step on a mouse. —A well-to-do Register.

—Boiling hair in a solution of tea will darken it, says an exchange; but some folks don't like to have their tea darkened in that way.

—Syracuse has a female architect. Norristown hasn't a female architect, but she has more than one designing woman. —Norristown Herald.

—Goods at half price, "sat-pot?" asked an old lady. "Fifty cents, mum," was the response. "Gaess I'll take it," she said, throwing down a quarter. The sign was taken in. —Oil City Derrick.

—A Lowell firm recently sent a lot of bills West for collection. The list came back with the result noted against each name, one being marked dead. Three months after the same bill got into a new lot that was forwarded, and when the list came back the name was marked, "still dead."

—It is estimated that if a man lives to seventy-two years old, he passes at least twenty-four years in sleep. So, you see, a man is a pretty good sort of a fellow one-third of the time, bad as he may be the remaining two-thirds. Let us be charitable. —Boston Transcript.

—New Yorkers meditate a new line of steamers which are to make the trip in six days. This is pretty quick ocean traveling, but until a line is started that will beat a cable dispatch, America's defaulting bank cashiers will not feel safe. —Norristown Herald.

—On a Third Avenue surface car recently a woman entered the forward cabin, which is devoted to smokers. The conductor touched her on the shoulder and told her that it was the smoking department. "You mind your own business," said she, and she took out a pipe, loaded it with tobacco, and enjoyed her smoke. —New York Herald.

—It was a beston girl who asked: "Why is it that two souls, mated in the impenetrable mystery of their nativity, float by each other on the ocean currents of existence without being instinctively drawn together, blended and beautified in the assimilated alchemy of eternal love?" That is an easy one. It is because butter is 45 cents a pound, and a good sealskin saque costs as high as \$500. The necessities of life must experience a fall in price before two souls will readily blend in the assimilated alchemy, and so forth.